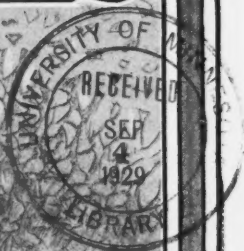
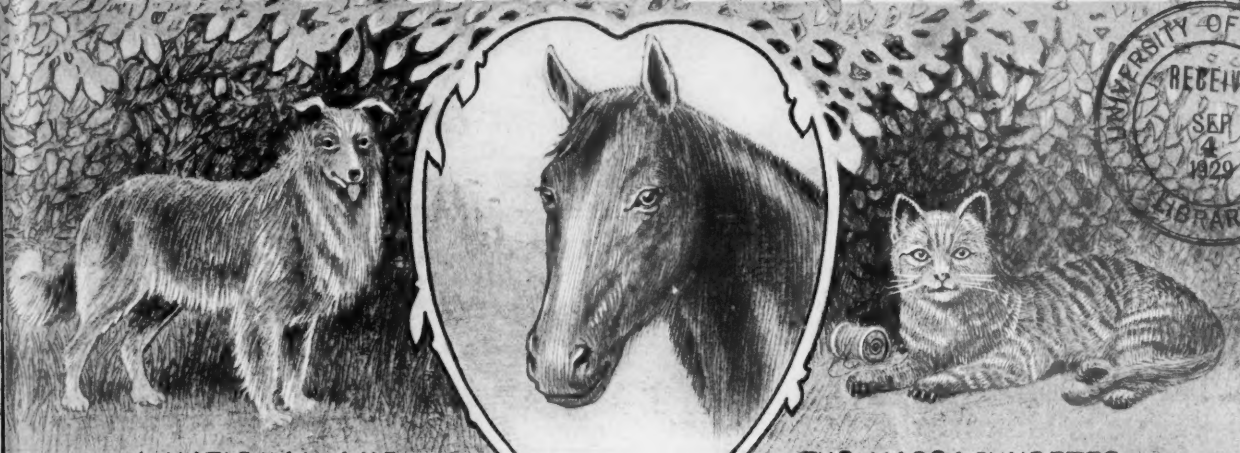


OUR DUMB ANIMALS

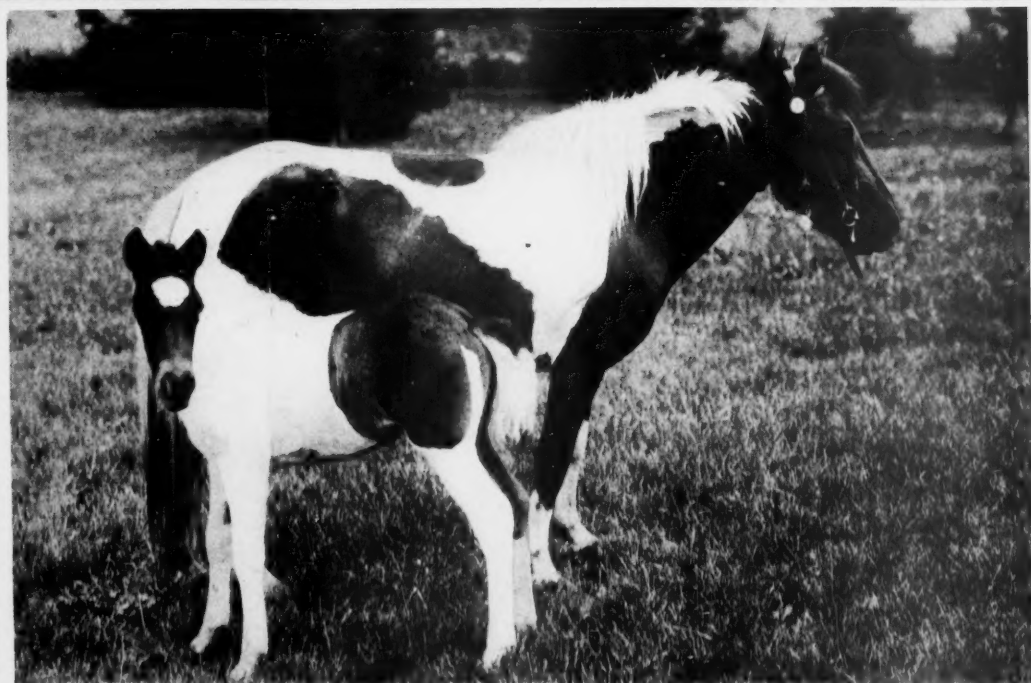


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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 62 No. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1929 Price 10 Cents



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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 62

September, 1929

No. 9

Dealers in farm horses and mules report heavier orders for farm horses than in any recent past year.

Many Americans as well as Englishmen have learned with deep satisfaction that the Prince of Wales some time ago gave up hunting. His example means much to the younger generation.

An International Exposition for the Protection of Animals will take place at Amsterdam in March or April, 1930. The committee in charge offers gratuitously space for the exhibition of all kinds of propaganda and asks societies to apply for as much as they need. It is purposed to make this the greatest exposition of its kind ever known.

The Supreme Court of Colorado has declared valid the will of Fred H. Forrester, a recluse real estate dealer, by which \$150,000 is left to the Colorado Bureau of Child and Animal Protection. In the decision of the Court it was said, "The policy of the state is in harmony with the view that the humane treatment of dumb animals is for the moral betterment of society."

There are too many windows in our own American house for us to throw stones at our neighbors, but the general observance of Be Kind to Animals Week in France encourages us to hope that the day is not far distant when France will have legislation for the protection of animals worthy her name and that the horrors of her great Parisian abattoirs will be a thing of the past.

Though we have personally acknowledged each gift that has come in response to our appeal for the work in Fez, Morocco, we want also through our magazine to express our sincerest gratitude to those who have so generously and promptly replied to the appeal. The gifts received assure us that the balance needed to complete the Fondouk and establish it on a sound financial basis will be forthcoming. Total since last appeal \$1,395.

England and Her King

THE English-speaking world whether on this side of the sea or the other has been reading for many months with sincerest interest the story of the long struggle of King George with the distressing illness from which he has suffered. Nothing could testify more truly to the universal and genuine affection in which his people hold him than the observance of that Day of Thanksgiving in which they united in grateful recognition of his return to health. Kings and emperors there have been since kingdoms and empires have played their part in the destinies of mankind, but seldom have they been so worthy, not only of the honor of those who recognized their sovereignty, but of the deep and loyal affection which has been given the present occupant of the English throne. "God save the King," throughout English history, has never been, we dare to think, more truly an earnest prayer when uttered by Englishmen than during these anxious recent months.

An English friend writes us of a beautiful tribute to the King that came from a rather lowly source. A young stockbroker during the most critical period of the King's illness left the exchange, took a taxi, and hurried out to Buckingham Palace for the latest bulletin. He retained his taxi, though kept waiting some little time. When, dismissing the driver back at the exchange, he asked the fee, astonished at the ridiculously low charge he said, "What do you mean? Is this all you are asking me?" The reply was "You forget, Sir, that he is my King as well as yours."

Work at the Fez Fondouk

During July nearly 1,000 draft animals, horses, mules and donkeys, were received and treated at the Fondouk, this besides what was done for smaller animals. To make our outgo and income meet we were obliged during July to cut down the number of animals almost one half below the previous month. We are confident, however, that when the new Fondouk is completed, it is now being built, we shall be able very largely to increase the service rendered. A

good many gifts come to us from tourists who visit Fez. When we can show them a thoroughly creditable Fondouk, well equipped and standing as a beacon light of humanity amid the darkness of cruelty to thousands of sad and suffering animals, then, we are confident, the response of visitors to our needs will steadily increase.

In addition to numerous generous contributions from individuals we have received five dollars from one organization, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, Muskegon, Michigan, for this work.

An Indicted Judge

The press has told the story of a judge, Robert W. Bingham, publisher of the *Louisville Times* and the *Courier Herald*, and several of his friends being re-indicted by a Georgia grand jury for shooting doves at a hunting lodge last January over a baited field. We wonder what sort of judge this man would make when a humane society attempted to bring before him an offender charged with cruelty to animals. We trust he will get whatever penalty the law of that state has to give him. Shooting birds over a baited field is quite as bad as, if not worse than, from the old-time trap now forbidden in most civilized communities.

From a Church Bulletin

If only a thousand ministers instead of one in states where the rodeo is popular would put up such a protest into their bulletins as did the Rev. Kenneth J. Husby, of Hoquiam, Washington, the doom of that kind of so-called sport would soon be sealed. Here is what his congregation read one Sunday morning a few weeks ago:

"A word about the Rodeo. One of the greatest curses that the good people of a city must face is the possibility of the Wild West vulgar unlawful Rodeo show. An effort is being made by the State Humane office and the State and County Parent Teacher Association to block such a show. Let every citizen stand out against such a disgraceful performance. Use your influence to discourage such a movement."

A Lion's Lament

WILLA HOEY

*I'M just a lion in the Zoo,
I walk and think of what I'd do
If I could to the jungles go,
And once again the wildwood know.*

*But I must stay, men locked me in
(And yet to God they are akin),
I cannot understand just why
They wish to see me slowly die.*

*I know He never did intend
That I should meet this gruesome end:
If really civilized they'd be
I'm sure that they would set me free.*

Products of the Zoos

An Amazing Tale of Animal Sacrifice

FROM a travel article recently published in *The Seven Seas* the reader is informed of the popularity of Spanish tooled leather and the source from which it is derived. In his quest to ascertain the facts about this much-prized leather so beautifully and artistically colored the traveler is informed by a Madrid dealer that this leather is obtained from the wine-growers of Burgundy, there being practically no leather-bearing animals in Spain. To this region, famous for its wine, the inquisitive traveler went, and learned that leather hides are in great demand as a fertilizer and mulch. Through these the vines grow, strong and healthy, and so imparting equal strength to the grape and the wine. The ripening grapes fall upon the leather dyeing it in beautiful hues of red, yellow, blue, green and purple. It is then ideal for art work and so acquired by the Spanish dealers.

But the traveler's curiosity was not satisfied here. Upon repeating his query as to where the leather was procured, he was directed to the Opera in Paris. Thither he journeyed and sought an interview with the wardrobe mistress of the Opera. Her reply to his question is quoted substantially as follows, from *The Seven Seas*:

"We have a vast amount of leather to dispose of. Almost every one of our operas demands the presence, on the stage, of one or more animals. 'Carmen' is the most exigent in this respect. It calls for several dozen horses and dogs, and we add to those at least fifty bulls for every performance, to lend reality to the last act. 'Die Walküre' calls for hundreds of horses; 'Lucia di Lammermoor' for dozens of Scotch terriers, and 'Aida' for literally thousands of camels.

"This may seem interesting," she continued, as her inquisitor seemed slightly amazed, "but the most spectacular fact is yet to be mentioned. It is this: each animal lives for only one performance. So violent are the attacks of stage-fright which each animal suffers that it invariably collapses in the wings and has to be put mercifully out of the way. It is then skinned, and the skins shipped to the Burgundy vineyard from which you have come. They prefer the skins of our animals to others because it is thought that the brief operative career of each animal lends an artistic and aesthetic aroma to its skin."

"Where do you get your animals?" the traveler asked.

"The birth-rate in the zoos of Paris is so rapid that we have no difficulty in procuring enough specimens," was her answer.

Some Activities Abroad

REFERRING to the cruelty of performing animal turns Sir Robert Gower, chairman of the 105th annual meeting of the R. S. P. C. A. announced that a bill to amend the Performing Animals Act of 1925 would be introduced into the new parliament. In the meantime he appealed to all friends of animals to refrain from patronizing circuses and performing animal turns, and to influence public opinion against this form of exploiting animals.

Captain Hume, honorary secretary of the University of London Animal Welfare Society, suggested that it was by no means certain that the method of destroying animals by electrocution was humane. He suggested that the method should be discontinued. Sir Robert Gower said that the Council were very much alive to this question. An expert had been called in who was going to advise anew on the electrocution methods.

Petition forms asking for the passing of a bill to prohibit public exhibition of apes, lions, tigers, and other of the carnivora have been printed and are offered free for circulation by the Performing and Captive Animals' Defence League.

Anti-Steel-Trap-League to Carry On in Massachusetts

Arrangements have been made to carry on the work of the Anti-Steel-Trap-League, of which the late Commander Edward Breck was president, and an office has been opened in Boston for the purpose of presenting the Initiative to the people of Massachusetts at the next election. This legal proceeding to abolish the steel trap in Massachusetts has the endorsement of the Animal Rescue League of Boston and of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Those wishing to assist in securing the necessary number of names to put the Initiative on the ballot, and those desiring further information about the plans of the League here in Massachusetts, should address The Anti-Steel-Trap-League, 101 Tremont Street, Boston.

The average rodeo is just as reprehensible as a bull-fight or a dog-fight. It is a relic of barbarism, prompted by the savage instinct, designed for the amusement of savages. The number of people who can be amused by cruelty is steadily decreasing.

Lion Cubs Raised on a Bottle

PEARL H. CAMPBELL

IN the zoo at Washington Park, Milwaukee, are two playful little lion cubs which the keeper is bringing up on a bottle. They are the children of "Tom," sometimes called the king of the jungle because of his size and strength, and "Shummy," his mate.

Shummy, so the keeper says, has had a number of cubs since she came to live at the zoo, but always she has refused to nurse her babies. Doesn't she love them, the fat funny little cubs? The keeper believes she does. For she licks them over with her big red tongue, gently massaging their bodies and smoothing their fur.

One snap of her powerful jaws, one blow of her paw would crush out their little lives. Shummy won't do that. She just refuses to feed them. So the keeper takes them away, keeps them in a warm, dark place until their eyes open, and feeds them regularly from a bottle. The cubs seem to thrive. Uncertain little legs grow strong and soon they play about the cage like a pair of kittens, which they greatly resemble in their infancy.

Lion mothers in captivity, the keeper will tell you, always act as Shummy does. It is just one more tragedy of the zoo, one more instance of man's inhumanity to the animal world. Creatures of the forest and jungle, such as the great cats, do not take kindly to captivity. Shummy must remember the hot African sun, the moonlight nights on the veldt when she ran and ran for sheer joy of the motion, taking her toll of life, it is true, but killing quickly and painlessly and only when she was hungry.

But there came an end to that beautiful, wild free life. Shummy and Tom were captured and brought over seas to end their days in the zoo. Prisoners for life though they have done nothing to deserve the sentence, kept in a narrow enclosure to be stared at by creatures whom they must despise for their ignorance and cruelty.

Is it any wonder that Shummy refuses to nurse her babies? She loves these tiny portions of herself with all her hot, passionate heart, but she knows that life holds nothing for them but a succession of cages. She does not want them to live as she and Tom do, lacking nothing in the way of food or shelter, it is true, but fretting out their days in pacing restlessly to and fro. It is perhaps the most fiendish cruelty that man can devise in the name of education.



CRUELLY CRAMPED IN CAGE CONFINEMENT

My Red Setter

ELEANOR BALDWIN

NAY, lie there as you will,
 Taking your fill
 Of sleep. I shall not mind.
 My heart remembers still
 How on a grassy hill
 A red dog snuffed the wind.

Nay, do not seek to follow.
 Once across field and hollow
 Swifter than driven flame
 You answered to your name.

Rest in your length of land.
 My memory can hold
 Your eyes more brown than gold,
 Your nuzzlings at my hand.

Lie still, lie still, my brave
 And beautiful.
 (O God! that even in the grave
 He should be dutiful!)

Horses in London

According to a clipping from a London newspaper, the equine population of London has been increased by some thousands during the last few years. The reason is said to be a purely economic one, due to the fact that people are beginning to realize that the use of horses under modern conditions is more of a paying proposition than it used to be.

The introduction of the eight-hour working day is given as one reason. It is claimed that previously horses were usually worked beyond the limit of maximum efficiency. Now the horses share the shorter hours with the men. Cases of colic have been reduced to one-fifth the former number; lameness is less common and the average period of usefulness of the horse has increased 50 per cent.



MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN OURAY, COLORADO, WHERE THEY HAVE RESORTED FOR WINTER FEEDING

Denizens of the Forest

WALTER A. DYER

THE sense of kinship with the so-called lower animals, which I have come to feel more and more distinctly as the years pass over my head, is two-fold. My dog, my cow, and my chickens are like members of my own family, definitely a part of my life and singularly close to me. The same would be true of a horse and a cat, if I were fortunate enough to possess a horse and a cat at the present moment. Affection and understanding increase through long association with the domestic animals until it requires no great effort of the imagination to believe that the blood of a common ancestor runs in our veins. In fact, so familiar has this relationship become that I find myself taking it for granted and seldom think much about it.

When it comes to the wild creatures of field and wood, however, I experience a different, more poignant feeling. I do not know these wild animals as well as I wish I did, and this very unfamiliarity leads to my occasional contacts with them a dramatic element of novelty. They capture my imagination more seductively, and my sense of kinship with them in all their hidden, furtive comings and goings descends upon me as a pleasant discovery, a surprise.

Come out with me one of these fine mornings and let us see what we can learn about life. The clouds are soft in the heavens and a gentle breeze whispers among the pines. The dew is still on the grass in shady places, the drops glistening like jewels. All is silent save the cawing of distant crows and an indefinite twittering and buzzing and rustling all about.

A grassy woods road lures us beneath forest arches and we open our eyes and prick up our ears. We find ourselves becoming observers of nature, and our reward will be living things seen and heard.

Has it ever occurred to you that you are, under these fascinating conditions, less the observer than the observed? There is a basis for the childish legend that in the woods there are eyes peering out at you from every tree-top and thicket. The eerie sense of being watched in the woods is not without a foundation in reality.

Not fairies or elves are observing your movements, however, but living creatures like yourself—creatures with life patterns, with keen senses, with the capacity to feel joy and fear and pain. In yonder glade a ruffed grouse stands in statuesque rigidity, his bright eyes watching your every motion. There is a cotton-tail rabbit on the other side of that log, but you do not see him. The squirrels are less reticent; they set up a startled chatter from the branches as we approach. But wise Mr. Toad sits and blinks as our feet brush the grass a few inches from his nose.

In that laurel thicket a wood thrush sits motionless; he will not sing until we are well out of sight. A little striped adder slides noiselessly beneath the dead leaves. Invisible tree-frogs cling to the bark of saplings that we pass and

little eyes glitter from the hole in the old oak.

They will see you in any case. How much you can see of them is the measure of your success as an observer of nature. You are never alone in the woods.

Self-interest, if no higher motive, has taught us to treat our domestic animals with more or less consideration, and as a rule they do not fear us, but the canny little denizens of the wild are always on the alert against peril. They live dangerously and have reason to look upon man as their natural enemy. Consequently they remain watchfully in hiding, exercising their many arts to remain unobserved, and it is easy to pass through the woods and see scarcely a sign of life.

But the life is there, and if we sit down quietly and wait, with or without a camera, it will in time appear. Quietness on our part begets confidence on the part of the animals, and curiosity will do the rest. One of the most successful naturalists that I know, who once made a study of the wild life of the South American jungle, told me that he employed but one method in his bloodless hunting—to find a quiet, comfortable spot in the woods and to sit down and wait. That was the sum total of his technique, and he was able to observe what hours of laborious tramping would never have disclosed to him.

I find that this method has a curious reaction upon myself. Waiting thus quietly, I find myself becoming one with nature. I am no longer an outsider, an intruder, an enemy in this forest world. I am among my own kindred, still strange to me, perhaps, but no longer hostile. In the hush of the woods I draw somehow nearer to nature and to nature's God.

It is all very well for hunters to assert that they love the killing less than the hours in the open with nature. The gun proclaims the fact that their preoccupation is still the hunt, and I doubt if they can ever feel the same intimate relation with nature that comes to the man or woman who sets forth unarmed and friendly and waits patiently for the little folk of the forest to come forth.

I have no desire to preach to the hunters. I am not responsible for their standards, and possibly they are right. But so far as I am concerned the animals are safe. This sense of kinship which I have gained makes all killing seem to me like fratricide, all torture of the innocents a heinous crime.

I fear I shall never come to know the woodchuck and the skunk as I know my dog or my cat; their ways still remain alien to me; but when I walk abroad I am conscious of that sense of kinship with them, and the consciousness is, I think, good for me. To feel oneself a part of the common life of this planet is to experience a dim awareness of the divine.

The Horse in Chicago

According to a special dispatch in the *Christian Science Monitor*, the horse is holding its own in Chicago. City life is offering excellent careers for young horses, willing to work, as haulers of milk wagons, ice vans and fruit trucks, with the prospect of a nice green field in 20 years.

Horses have staged a remarkable comeback in Chicago, where 10,741 horse-drawn vehicles have already been registered in the seven months of this year as against 11,986 in the entire year of 1928.

The Oriole

EDNA HOWE

"HERE, Here! Here I am, my dear!"
The oriole says it very clear:
"Here I am, my dear!"
Here I am; Here! Here!"

Makes his basket nest,
Smooths his orange vest,
Singing, swinging high,
Up against the sky.

Then he looks at me,
"Here I am. See! See!
Here I am, my dear!"
Here I am; Here! Here!"

A Strange Bird Story

WILLIAM ALPHONSO MURRILL

A YOUNG orchard oriole was picked up after a storm and placed near an open window, where its mother found it and fed it. By moving the young bird down the hall a few yards each day, the mother bird was enticed to the very end of it and came and went on her regular feeding trips without fear.

One afternoon, however, she entered a room opening on the hall and was unwittingly made a prisoner there for twenty-four hours. She must have suffered keenly, both on her own account and because of her helpless offspring, whose cries reached her continually.

On the day immediately following the mother's release, the young bird died in a mysterious manner. Scraps of the destroying angel, the deadliest of all mushrooms, were found near it. They must have been brought by the mother bird; but for what purpose? Could she have deliberately chosen death rather than prison for her offspring after her own terrible experience?

This explanation would, of course, seem unthinkable, except from a purely human standpoint. There are the facts; I cannot explain them. It is a strange story. Did the bird die of starvation; or of berries covered with poison spray; or of insects filled with arsenate of lead; or of deadly mushrooms? A stomach analysis probably would have settled it, but none was made.

The orchard oriole is one of our most valuable insect destroyers. The male is sometimes mistaken for the chewink because of its black, brown, and chestnut colors, making a decided contrast. The song resembles that of the Baltimore oriole but is richer and more pleasing. The nest is made of fine grasses, intricately woven, but more shallow than the bag-like, fiber nest of the familiar orange-plumed "hang-bird." The bluish-white eggs, numbering from three to five, are laid late in May.

During the winter, both of our orioles live in the tropics; while in the summer they may be found in the eastern United States, the Baltimore oriole ranging and nesting farther north than his more timid cousin.

King Asoka, in India, founded a hospital for animals in the year 226 A. D., according to an inscription on a rock, says Dr. H. C. Pearson of England. He adds that this hospital still exists.

A constant supply of clean, fresh water is necessary for all domestic animals at all seasons of the year.

Glimpses of the Cowbird

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

THE activities of the cowbird are on the whole well known to bird students. The general tendency, it seems to me, is to magnify its misdeeds and to give but little attention to other characteristics of the bird. To be sure, this bird does considerable harm, but it also does some good.

The cowbird has a bad reputation because it is not like other birds. This very fact,

it does not, and the parent removes the food and offers it to another until one is found hungry enough to swallow it at a gulp. I once placed an umbrella near a field sparrow's nest which held two or three young sparrows and as many young cowbirds. The parents often placed food in the mouths of two or three birds before it was swallowed promptly enough to suit them. As far as I could see the young



THREE YOUNG COWBIRDS REARED BY A PAIR OF VESPER SPARROWS

however, makes it in a way all the more interesting and worthy of study. The cowbird builds no nest of its own, but slyly deposits its eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving the incubation of the eggs and the care of its young to the birds imposed upon.

Cowbirds frequently lay their eggs in the nests of smaller birds such as sparrows and warblers. But the birds are not particular and their eggs are also often to be found in the nests of catbirds, thrashers, bluebirds, meadowlarks, wood thrushes and other birds. No doubt, cowbirds in some instances remove the eggs of the owners in order to make room for their own. But in other, perhaps in most, instances they do not. Naturally, if the cowbird does not remove the rightful eggs, and the rightful mother lays a full clutch of her own, the nest holds too many eggs, especially if cowbirds lay two or three eggs, as frequently is the case. I once found a song sparrow's nest in which lay five sparrow eggs and two cowbird eggs. This nest was full to the brim with eggs. No doubt such situations prove serious, because the owners are unable to incubate the eggs properly. The little birds do their best, but their best is not enough, and some of the eggs fail to hatch.

The eggs of cowbirds in some instances hatch before the rightful eggs. The young cowbirds then, perhaps, get the bulk of the food brought by their foster parents, and crowd the smaller birds from the nest. In a few cases I have found young birds that have been crowded from their nests by cowbirds. However, I think these are usually exceptional cases. Very often the rightful occupants as well as the young cowbirds are successfully reared.

It is now quite a well-established fact that many birds promptly remove food from the mouths of their young if it is not swallowed promptly. If a young bird is hungry and in need of food it swallows promptly, otherwise

birds were fed pretty much in turn, and the young sparrows as well as the young cowbirds were successfully reared.

Some birds successfully outwit cowbirds. The yellow warbler sometimes builds additions to its nest in order to bury the eggs of cowbirds. Two, three, and even four-story nests have been found in which one, two, or more cowbirds' eggs have been buried. But though yellow warblers are perfectly willing to bury the eggs of cowbirds, I doubt if they bury many of them if in so doing they must also bury one or more of their own.

Occasionally, birds remove the eggs of cowbirds from their nests or destroy them. The only bird, however, I have actually known to do this, is the brown thrasher. I once found a brown thrasher's nest on the ground which contained three thrasher eggs and two cowbird eggs. When I next visited this nest, a day or two later, I found that the thrashers had either removed or destroyed the cowbird eggs. That is about what one would expect of a shrewd, sensitive, and aggressive bird like the brown thrasher.

Birds sometimes desert their nests if cowbirds find and lay eggs in them. These nests usually are new nests, in which the owners have laid but few if any eggs.

Something can be said in favor of the cowbird. Its song, though far from remarkable, is interesting and it is not unpleasant. The birds do not congregate in large numbers about the premises and make nuisances of themselves as English sparrows sometimes do. Usually these birds are to be seen in small flocks about pastures, near the feet of grazing cattle and other live stock, where they glean a living of insect pests and seeds. They do not take corn, berries and other crops, or in any other such way do any damage. They are frequently to be seen in fields, also, hunting bugs, insects, worms, waste grain, and weed seeds.

With the Camera's Eye—Two Views

DONALD W. DOUGLASS

I FORGET, now that several months have passed since that September afternoon, what the featured movie was. That is the way with leading attractions; often they give place in the roll of remembered things to supposed incidentals, that so please or annoy as to win for themselves a degree of permanence. A reel or two of the program provided me with the one shade of a contrast, a sort of blackness against which a bright spot in my summer stood out sharply. The particular bit of accentuating darkness was in this case a "Spotlight," presenting for the approval of hunters and fishermen a number of scenes of the chase, as followed in a day of smokeless powder and automatic shotguns. Against the flicker of the screen a driving line of teal swung into view, swept toward the camera, veered, and hurtled on. Even as they swerved, two ugly muzzles lifted from the concealment of the blind, and flashed a call of death to four of the winging ducks. Triumphant, the hunters settled back into their ambush, against the coming of later flights. As with the teal, so with other fowl; mallards and Canada geese alike dropped at the summons of the guns. Nor was it otherwise afield, where the hunter and his dog fared in search of quail. Bob-white's burst from cover proved less swift than flying shot, as the pictured record plainly testified. Always it proved the same; if the game appeared, the hunter rolled loaded dice, and won at best a dinner.

This is to me the blackness, that living things die at the pleasure of men. I recall another afternoon, in a region of prairie lakes, when the scoutmaster showed us the nest his boys had found, a nest of the Bartramian sandpiper. For the Ornithologist had brought his camera six hundred miles, with this bird not least in his mind. Though the wind blew hard and the hour was late, the bird-man could not but make the attempt immediately. Forthwith we set up the blind, to hide the great three-legged machine, weighting its flapping canvas walls with heavy stones. My star was in ascendancy that day, for it was I that crawled inside as the others left us, and had my first intimate experience with bird photography.

By the clock, our wait was short. But for

me, in the cramped quarters of the little tent, in fear lest at a critical moment I sneeze or lurch against the tripod, the twenty minutes of alternate kneeling and sitting were long enough. A whisper from the observant naturalist on the camera box, however, returned me to my lookout slit in haste, to glimpse if I could the approaching bird. Presently I discovered her, half-hidden in the brown grass behind the nest, and well out of camera range. Her slender neck, with the round head and long beak, moved quartering to the right, and shortly was lost to view. A heightened excitement soon replaced our anxiety, as she reappeared not far from her nest, wholly in the field of the camera. As the great box whirled, she came swiftly in, hesitated a moment at the edge of the nest, then settled forward on the three eggs. Here she sat quietly, one appraising eye regarding our blind, nor left till we had raised a prodigious clamor in hope of shoeing her away, that she might return again. In this we were unsuccessful, for she left with a rush that intimated she would not revisit us for some time. We waited, finally realized that the bird was not about, and dismantled the tent in high spirits. Turning to me the Ornithologist remarked feelingly, "The boys can't take that little bird. She's earned something, coming in like that." He preferred for himself the arduous, often tortuous camera hunting. Here was pure sport, though it added no trophy mounts to one's collection, nor offered one's jaded palate the slightest flavor of game.

A few days later we were again on the rocky point where the Bartramian sandpiper nested, and this day the mother bird remained at her post while two of the party advanced with hand cameras. Not until they were within eight feet did she flush, and reveal to us the reason for her unwonted steadfastness. Of the three eggs, only one remained, one egg and two downy youngsters. As we watched, the third prophecy was fulfilled, when the final member of the brood cracked his shell and spilled forth into the light.

And now, as I look at my own ill-focused snaps of the sandpiper chicks, and know that I wouldn't exchange them for all the pot-pies in the world, I am glad for this bit of acquaintance with a disappearing species.

Tribute to a Great Heart

AMONG the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Free Board and Winter's Lodging

ROBERT H. WALKER

IT is well known that elk are easy prey to hunters. This is due perhaps, not to stupidity, but to their docile nature. On Soap Creek, Colorado, there is just room enough for a few ranches. At the north end, only very small ones. In summer it is quite a delightful valley, but winter brings deep snow and hardships. Hardships especially for wild life. The deer and elk in this region are protected from hunters but in hard winters they find it hard to exist.

One bull elk, early in the fall of the winter just past, decided he'd solve the problem of board for the coming months, so he singled out a haystack of Craig Goodwin's and made it his home. He was reported to G. M. Sprague, forest ranger of that district, and watch was kept over him. As the snow grew deeper, he seldom left the stack-yard. He even shed his large head of antlers there. Late in February Mr. Sprague and Mr. Goodwin made a trip on snowshoes to see how their guest was getting along. When the elk first saw the men, he "took for the hills," but the snow was so deep that even with his mighty lunges, he was unable to make it. He decided it was useless to try to get away from the men so he turned and started to make his way back to the hay. He was pretty well fatigued. The snow was so deep that about all he could do was to lunge and puff. Some idea can be gained about the depth of the snow by noting where it strikes our friend as shown in the picture below.

The elk didn't like to pose for pictures very well. But he acted better when he discovered that the men meant him no harm. He did finally allow Mr. Sprague to take a view close up of him without trying to break away. It is a rare thing for an elk to pose for a picture without being nasty about it.

The last we heard of this fellow, he had gone back to the hills. Perhaps he'll return again next winter for lodging and free board.



IT IS RARE FOR AN ELK TO POSE FOR A PICTURE



THE SNOW WAS SO DEEP HE COULD ONLY LUNGE AND PUFF

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1929

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. *Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.*

The American Bull-fighter

FROM a paper called the *Pathfinder* we learn that an American bearing the name of Franklin has achieved great success in Spain as a bull-fighter. So enthusiastic over this Spanish pastime is this hero of the bull-ring that he is said to be contemplating returning to us to introduce it among us, believing that it will make the same sort of appeal to the average American that base-ball does. It gives such a thrill, he says, and that's what Americans like. No doubt they do. We can assure this tormentor and killer of bulls, however, that he'll have his hands full when he undertakes to repeat his Spanish achievements over here. Even bulls in America have friends, and no matter how many Americans might like to see them baited, bleeding and dying, to furnish amusement for them, some hundreds of humane societies would be ready at the entrance to the arena to read a very effective riot act. The latest news from Spain is that Franklin has been seriously gored by an infuriated bull.

"The Mount Dora Topic"

We want to congratulate the *Mount Dora Topic*, Florida, for its excellent editorial of recent date upon Kindness to Animals. We wish we had space to reproduce it. Such editorials reveal much concerning the character of those who have the management of a periodical, and, coming from a source not connected directly with any humane organization, exert an influence whose extent and value no one can estimate. We are the more pleased with this fine editorial as it comes from a section of the country where directors of a bureau of lectures cannot see in the humane cause a subject worthy of public consideration.

A syndicate reports "whip business poor." Number of whip makers reduced from 40 in 1914 to less than 10 in 1928, and employees from 1,000 to 100. While this of course is a result of fewer horses, the rising standard of treatment of horses surely deserves part of the credit.

Vermont appreciates the horse, a recent census showing the equine population of that state to be 54,851, a loss of only 2,210 from the previous year.

Our Massachusetts Dogs

IF you don't like dogs you don't like them and probably never will. Some things have to be born with you if you ever have them. It's as natural to some children to love a dog as to love their mother. From childhood they have wanted a dog and kept pleading for one till they got him. So, many are born with a love for the horse, and take him and ride him and drive him and care for him with a confidence and affection quite impossible to, perhaps, their own brothers. Then there are those to whom the dog is only a possible spreader of the deadly virus of rabies and the horse but a "vain thing for safety." These two kinds of people, like the poor, we shall always have with us, and when any occasion arises such as has just now arisen in Massachusetts to discuss the dog as a peril to the community, his friends and his foes both have much to say.

Of course the dog without any fault of his may contract disease and spread it, just as human beings do, and every effort should be made to guard against such a danger. But periodically the rabies scare comes stalking abroad and there arises the cry "down with the dog." Pasteur himself admitted that only a relatively small percentage of people bitten by a rabid dog contracted the disease, the majority evidently being immune to it. Always this peril from the rabid dog is exaggerated. Deaths from hydrophobia are very rare. One stands a far better chance of being struck by lightning than of dying from the bite of a dog.

The present excitement here in this state seems to be due to a misunderstanding so far as we have the facts. The health authorities, seeking to discover through local branches the means of learning how many biting dogs there are in the several counties, somehow conveyed the impression that they were planning to start a crusade against the dogs of the state. This they have denied. They do insist that the multiplication of unlicensed and stray dogs should be stopped as far as possible. Hard as it must be for any poor man's child to have to give up his dog because his father cannot pay the license fee we can see no way except to demand the sacrifice or else let the whole licensing system go by the board, and we know of no one who would advocate that. The ruthless destruction of even stray and unlicensed dogs, shooting them down on sight on the street—this scarcely any humane person would countenance, and a fair chance should be given any owner, whether his dog is licensed or not, to reclaim him, paying the license in case he had not done so before. With this statement the health authorities assure us they are in agreement.

The following figures are rather surprising: By local health boards 2,748 cases of persons bitten by dogs are reported for the first seven months of 1929, and the death of one person from rabies. No record exists of the persons bitten by the dogs reported rabid, as a result of laboratory examination, who took the Pasteur treatment. One hundred and twenty-three dogs were reported as having the disease; 71 other cases were returned as tentative.

Above all every man who can afford to own a dog owes him the protection of a license and a collar with his owner's name and address. He who fails in this act of justice and fair play to such a faithful friend is unworthy of his devotion.

The Answer to the Complaint

THE following is a paragraph appearing August 3 in a local Boston paper: Investigating a complaint of alleged overcrowding of cattle arriving in freight cars at Brighton stock-yards, a special agent of the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association discovered that twenty-nine of the animals were dead and that the condition of eighteen more made it necessary to shoot them. In announcing its findings the association suggests co-operation between shipper and railroad as a remedy for the situation.

We sent this reply to the editor:

August 7, 1929

There appeared last Saturday in your publication a brief article calling attention to the fact that the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association discovered at the Brighton Stock-yards that there were 29 of the animals which arrived dead and the condition of 18 more made it necessary for them to shoot them.

Of course, I know nothing of the period those figures are supposed to cover, but in justice to our Society may I say that we have two men at the stock-yards two days in each week upon the arrival of the cattle trains.

The record for animals inspected arriving in Boston for the month of July was 16,486. During that period there were 67 found dead in the train, a little more than two a day, and 12 so injured that our officers had to put them humanely to sleep. With scarcely an exception these were immature calves coming into Massachusetts from other states and there is no law by which we can stop people from outside of Massachusetts shipping these unfortunate little creatures here.

We have sent men into New York State and into New England states endeavoring to correct conditions as they exist at the places of shipment, but the inter-state law so often conflicts with the laws of this Commonwealth that our powers are limited. We compel shippers to bed their cars and at times after the cars have entered Massachusetts the railroad has been obliged by our officers, where conditions have been objectionable, to transfer the animals into different and less crowded cars. Unfortunately, the law permits putting into the same compartments milch cows and young calves. Many of these calves are so young and weak when shipped that they are unable to survive the journey.

I believe the people of Massachusetts who support our Society are entitled to know that we are doing everything in our power to lessen the sufferings of animals coming by rail into our state.

..

*Not unaccompanied fight you this good fight,
Lords of invisible but invincible might;
The poets all are with you evermore,
Marching like morn upon the camps of night.*

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

..

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	11,022
Cases investigated	669
Animals examined	5,723
Number of prosecutions	21
Number of convictions	20
Horses taken from work	86
Horses humanely put to sleep	43
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,506
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	16,486
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	12

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Frank L. Curtis of Natick, Lucy T. Pray of Quincy, and William F. Morse of Brookline.

August 13, 1929.

Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, April 21 to 26; Humane Sunday, April 27, 1930.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	705	Cases	2,132
Dogs	494	Dogs	1,766
Cats	192	Cats	334
Birds	10	Birds	25
Horses	5	Rabbits	2
Monkey	1	Horse	1
Fox	1	Fox	1
Goat	1	Pig	1
Squirrel	1	Rat	1
Operations	499	Squirrel	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	81,967		
Dispensary Cases		158,821	
Total		240,788	

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in July

For kicking a dog and fracturing its leg a defendant paid a fine of \$15.

For docking a dog's tail two defendants were each fined \$100.

Using a galled horse, \$25 fine.

Driving a galled horse, \$10 fine.

Cruelly shooting a cat, plea of *nolo*, three months probation.

Sending out galled horse, fine, \$10.

Driving a galled horse, convicted, two months at House of Correction, suspended.

Cruelly beating a dog, fine, \$5.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon horse, two defendants were each fined \$10.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon horse by placing saddle on his sore back, fine of \$50 imposed, suspended until October 26.

Driving a galled horse, two defendants were each fined \$10.

Sending out galled horse, fine \$10.

Driving a horse with one foot unshod, fine \$20.

Using a horse that was poor in flesh, aged and unfit for use, a feeble-minded defendant was found guilty; case was filed and the horse ordered killed.

Driving a galled horse, fine of \$15.

Driving a galled horse, conviction, case filed.

For carrying a dog upon a vehicle in an unnecessarily cruel manner, a defendant was fined \$35.

At the Horse Relief Stations

The Free Water Stations for horses, maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in Boston, were the oases of many animals, toil-worn and thirsty, during the torrid working-days of July. Attendants employed at the several stations reported that 12,431 was the total number of times that relief was availed of for these steadiest yet most uncomplaining of daily laborers. So nearly devoid of places and facilities for obtaining water in large areas, is the city, that many other animals and birds often quench their thirst from even the water that is spilled. To sustain this most necessary service throughout the hot weather the S. P. C. A. will welcome contributions, large or small.

A Tree

THOSE who remember Joyce Kilmer's beautiful poem "Trees" will appreciate what Arthur Brisbane says of the trees that are falling so fast in the forests of the State of Washington before the woodman's axe. "There is a crash. A fir tree, 14 feet in diameter, 200 feet high, falls to the ground! 'Such a tree,' says Governor Hartley, 'is 1,400 years old. It cannot be replaced; civilization and commercial timber cannot live side by side.' Let us hope this wasteful human race, slaughtering everything, including itself, will develop a civilization able to protect the forests that are the most beautiful things on earth." This reminds us of the words of another, who wrote "the sap in a live young oak is a far more priceless thing than all the pampered orchids ever grown."

He Couldn't Forget His Rabbits

The nurse in an Oakland hospital stares, surprised. Before her lies a little boy, pale, weak, gasping, the victim of an auto, who has murmured:

"Feed my rabbits. Please do something to help me out." Nurse goes out and returns with a policeman! To the boy the man looks as big as a mountain. He is. His heart is mountainous. And the size of the man is in accord with the dimensions of his heart. But just think of a boy asking for help and getting a policeman.

"Son," says the policeman, "don't worry. I'll see that your rabbits are fed, if it takes every man on the force to take turns on the job." And the boy believes and is comforted.

The Dog and the Automobile

A decision has not yet been reached in the prize contest, announced by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. last spring, upon the subject, "How humanely and at the same time, effectively, can a dog be trained to guard himself from injury by the automobile?"

So many manuscripts and replies were received that it has been as yet impossible to give them all due consideration.

"Our Dumb Animals" for the Police

In Massachusetts we furnish the police stations in all cities and towns with free copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, a service which seems to be much appreciated. In Maine a very prominent citizen pays for copies to be sent to the police departments in twenty-five cities and towns. Before renewing these subscriptions the giver sent out an enquiry as to whether the publication was received regularly and was being read by the officers. We have been permitted to see several of the answers which are very favorable. "The reading of magazine will be a great help to officers in their work connected with animals"; "We would be disappointed to have it discontinued"; "*Our Dumb Animals* is carefully read by officers of this department"; "Received and read with much pleasure." These are but a few of the enthusiastic replies. Needless to say the subscriptions are being continued in each case. This example might well be followed by interested individuals or local Societies in other states.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
 HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
 ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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 Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
 Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Animal Sunday in Ireland

Animal Sunday, the fourth Sunday after Trinity, was observed in many churches in Ireland on June 23 this year. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland has unanimously passed this resolution:

"That the Assembly, being convinced that all cruelty, including cruelty inflicted upon the lower animals, is sinful, strongly recommends the ministers of the Church to give prominence to this subject on a convenient or appointed day each year, and to make it a part of the instruction given to the children in the Sabbath School or Bible class."

An Australian merchant, George Bill, is reported to have left a legacy of \$350,000 for the establishment of horse troughs wherever they are needed throughout the world.

Miss Gilbert in Newfoundland

ENTHUSIASTIC reports are reaching us in regard to the success of the visit of Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, one of our field workers, to Newfoundland, where she went during July to speak under the auspices of the Newfoundland Society for Protection of Animals. Miss Gilbert spoke with great success to the Summer School for teachers at Memorial University College, St. John's, to several Sunday Schools, before the Longshoremen's Union and Truckmen's Association, the Salvation Army, and five orphanages. She also had private conferences with several clergymen and also with the heads of the Educational System for Newfoundland and Labrador, receiving from them their united and hearty assurance of their purpose to introduce Humane Education into all the schools.

The splendid support of the Newfoundland S. P. A. and its president, Mr. Emerson, and of Mrs. W. S. Monroe, wife of Former Prime Minister Monroe, together with that of President Paton, made possible the success of Miss Gilbert's work.

The officers of the Society are very grateful to the American Humane Education Society for arranging for Miss Gilbert to make this visit. President J. L. Paton, of Memorial University College, writes as follows to President Rowley:—

"You did a good day's work when you arranged to send Miss Gilbert to Newfoundland. If you had seen the muster of teachers last night and last Tuesday, you would, I am sure, have felt compensated for the trouble and expense to which you have been put.

"There are 160 teachers at our Summer School. They come from all over this Island. Very few are from St. John's itself. In St. John's there is an active Society to protect animals. Now that good work will spread out to our remotest outpost settlements. I am sure of it, for there has been a splendid response to her message and the teachers are laden with literature. Her visit has been the feature of our Summer School this year.

"May I on behalf of our body and our fellow teachers here assembled say to you how deeply grateful we are to you personally and to your Society for making possible Miss Gilbert's visit, and congratulate you on the advocate of your cause whom you have sent to us. She has won all our hearts. I feel sure she has sown the good seed in good ground."

Conspicuous Personal Service

Occasionally an individual, acting upon his own resources, does a piece of humane work worthy an organized society. One such person is Mr. Wm. H. Ketler, librarian of the Free Public Library, Camden, N. J. Recently Mr. Ketler paid for 200 placards, the idea being his own, to try to check the deserting of animals by heartless motorists along the South Jersey roads. The card contained a small cut of a dog and read:

HAVE A HEART!

Don't Leave your Faithful Dog to
 Starve or to be Run Over.

ASK SOMEBODY

to find a good Home for it
 If you cannot pay summer board for it.

Mr. Ketler distributes a large amount of free humane literature from the Camden library.

Cloister Chords

World Peace

SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON, PH. D.

I

DO dreams come true? All that is of good in the world today was once a hope in the heart of a dreamer. Slowly, painfully, and with long travail the dream is born into the world. But its beauty rebukes environmental ugliness; its truth, the untrue; its simplicity, the incredulous; its selflessness, the selfish—and they strive to kill it. Will it die, or being inherently deathless, will it lie supine for ages, hurt and helpless?

II

A League of Nations, disarmament, an international Court of Justice, world peace, world brotherhood—this dream was conceived in the mind of Woodrow Wilson, and it is born into the world. Will it die? No, the seers have seen it; the men who fought in the trenches have seen it; distracted Europe sees it; a tottering social order throughout the world sees it;—but how shall one reach the stars? For such a height we know, at least, that the foundations must rest upon bedrock. And that radiant peace-palace of the future, towering luminously into the heavens from the far off island valley of Avilion, is only mirage, a dream within a dream, unless it be founded upon justice to all life from the highest down to and inclusive of the lowest. International righteousness rests structurally upon national, civic, provincial, and individual righteousness; they stand or fall together.

III

Let ideas of justice to the dumb be persistently propagated; let them find expression in protective legislation; let them prove effective in human conduct, seen and unseen, known and unknown, and in practical customs recognized as right throughout all the world. Then and not until then, shall we have laid upon bedrock justice the foundations of that social structure that may yet tower even unto the stars.

Something for All to Do

The following letter came unsolicited to President Rowley from a rare lover of animals:—

Aug. 4, 1929

Dear Dr. Rowley:

I have been thinking to send a suggestion—namely that all who love and pity animals should have some of your beautiful picture leaflets on hand, a package of 12 costing only 10 cents, and should place one in each letter sent out to friends! I feel we miss a great opportunity not urging friends to do so.

A very busy woman, who distributes humane leaflets which I send to her, writes me of their pleasant, eager reception. As you know, I have distributed many thousands of your beautiful, attractive humane picture leaflets and it is with intense gratification that I realize that each one has been received with often keen welcome and appreciation. It would seem as if every animal sympathizer would take this slight amount of trouble for the suffering creatures at home as well as abroad.

Yours ever gratefully

Kindness to Animals

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, LL.D.

THERE is a lesson all should learn;
 'Tis one that is of great concern
 To all God's other creatures round;
 In simple kindness it is found:
 To guard them all with gentle heart,
 Thus helping them to play their part
 'Til they're all our grateful friends;
 'Tis sweetest grace that heaven sends.

God placed these creatures in our care
 That in earth's blessings they may share;
 They are our servants, to be sure.
 If that relation long endure,
 'Twill be because we rule to bless
 And serve each other's happiness,
 For they have rights as well as we
 That we must keep clear eyes to see.

Our serving beasts and birds respond;
 If we are kind they all grow fond.
 It is from us they take their cue
 'Tis just the same with me, with you.
 Our daily actions they will note,
 Will follow us as if by rote.
 The spirit which we daily live
 Will dictate service they will give.
 I quite agree with Rowland Hill—
 A man's religion counts but nil
 Whose beasts and fowls will run with fear
 And be afraid when he is near,
 For if our lives are ruled by love,
 We draw from God's great heart above;
 There's in us naught to give alarm,
 And birds and beasts display their charm.



BEAUTIES ON THE FARM

The Farm Helpers' Declaration of Independence

DONALD H. LUTZ

Awarded second prize, \$50 cash, in essay contest conducted by *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston

THE meeting will please come to order."
 "Prince," the coal black horse, pawed
 the ground with his dainty forefoot.

The moon was just rising over the tree-tops,
 flooding the barn-yard with a mellow light.

Prince threw his head back and forth several
 times in greeting his friends and associates of
 Cloverdale Farm.

"Rover," the shaggy shepherd dog, took his
 place beside Prince, and wagged his tail vigor-
 ously.

"Our secretary will now read the paper he
 has prepared. He calls it our 'Declaration of
 Independence.' Is not that an appropriate
 name?"

"Maud," the donkey, assented with such a
 loud "Hee Haw" that timid little Mrs. Sheep
 snuggled up closer to her husband; and "Fuz-
 zytail," the rabbit, awoke from his nap with a
 start. He wriggled his pretty little pink nose,
 and tried to act as though he had been awake
 all the time.

"If we are ready, Rover will proceed," an-
 nounced Prince.

Everything was quiet except for the little
 breezes that were playing hide and seek among
 the moonbeams in the tree-tops; and the
 rippling of the brook in the meadow.

The Cloverdale Civic Association had been
 organized by the four-footed members of the
 Cloverdale family for they felt the new Master
 of Cloverdale was depriving them
 of things to which they were en-
 titled.

Rover spied a fox skulking along
 the orchard fence, and growled
 deep down in his throat. Reluc-
 tantly he remained at his post.

With a low "Woof-woof," he
 began to read the paper he had
 prepared.

"When in the course of events,
 it becomes necessary for one species
 of creature to dissolve the
 bands which have connected them
 with another and to assume the
 station to which the laws of Na-
 ture and Nature's God entitles
 them, a decent respect for the
 opinions of other living creatures
 requires that they should declare
 the causes which impel them to
 the separation.

"We hold these truths to be
 self-evident, that all living things
 are endowed by their Creator
 with certain unalienable Rights,
 that among these are Life, Lib-
 erty, and the pursuit of Happi-
 ness. That to secure these rights,
 Governments are instituted that
 derive their just powers from the
 consent of the governed. That
 whenever any form of Govern-
 ment becomes destructive of these
 ends, it is the right of the living
 creatures to alter or to abolish it,
 and to institute a new Govern-
 ment, laying its foundation on
 such principles and organizing
 its powers in such form, as to
 them shall seem most likely to
 effect their Safety and Happiness.
 Prudence, indeed, will dictate

that Governments long established should
 not be changed for light and transient causes;
 and accordingly all experience hath shown
 that living creatures are more disposed to
 suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right
 themselves by abolishing the forms to which
 they are accustomed. But when a long train
 of abuses, pursuing invariably the same Ob-
 ject evinces a design to reduce them under
 absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their
 duty, to throw off such government, and to
 provide new guards for their future security.
 Such has been the patient sufferance of these
 members of the Cloverdale Farm family; and
 such is now the necessity which constrains
 them to alter their former systems of govern-
 ment. The history of the present Master of
 Cloverdale is one of repeated injuries, all
 having in direct object the establishment of an
 absolute tyranny over these citizens. To
 prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid
 world."

A little meadow mouse scuttled along in the
 shadows. "Frisky," the gray kitty, put out
 his claws and switched his tail. A friendly
 pat of her furry paw from Mrs. Frisky caused
 him to turn his head. To hide his embar-
 rassment, he licked an imaginary speck of
 dirt from his paw. Then when he realized
 that this was not a polite thing to do in com-
 pany, he was more embarrassed than ever.

Rover again addressed the presiding officer.
 "This is as far as your committee has gone,"
 he said. "You remember you suggested that
 a member of each class of citizens have a
 meeting, and recite their grievances at this
 time."

Prince arose. "That is right," he said.
 "You are all prepared to relate your experi-
 ences, I am sure. This matter is too impor-
 tant to delay. Suppose we start with Mrs.
 Maud here on my left, and go right around
 the circle. Is that agreeable to everyone?"
 he asked politely.

The members of the Association nodded
 acquiescence.

Prince then looked toward Maud, the
 donkey.

"Hee Haw!" began Maud. "All we ask
 from the Master of Cloverdale in return for
 the service we render is proper food, comfort-
 able living quarters, and kindness. We in-
 sist, too, that he remove that dreadful anath-
 ema that has been placed upon us. Our
 dogged determination to surmount all diffi-
 culties, to travel in dangerous places, and to
 pull heavy loads has been interpreted as
 'stubbornness' when expressed anywhere else.
 A strong will power is not something to put on
 and take off like a cloak. We need good food
 to keep up our vitality. We are willing to
 work well, and as I said before, all we ask is
 fair and square treatment."

Mr. Sheep arose and bowed respectfully.
 "The Master of Cloverdale seems to forget,
 sometimes, that but for my family, he and
 his loved ones would suffer from cold in winter.
 We are willing to give him our coats, but we
 cannot furnish good wool without adequate
 food. And we, too, need shelter. At shear-
 ing time, we ask that those who bathe and
 shear us handle us gently. We cannot help
 being nervous when we are plunged into the
 creek, and the shears are so dreadful looking,

and so sharp. They should be careful how they hold us so that we are not uncomfortable, and so that our bodies are not actually bruised and hurt."

"Moo! Moo!" said the cow. "What we need is clean, comfortable living quarters, good food and water. We provide human beings with one of the most important articles of their diet. Without proper food and water we cannot produce a good quality of milk. Poor milk means poor butter and cheese. Good houses are not built of lumber made from dead trees; and we cannot yield rich, wholesome milk if we are fed on dead grass, and if we have to drink poor water. Our product is too precious to endanger its quality by improper nourishment for us."

"My family has a reputation for being grafters," said Frisky, the gray kitty. "But this is unjustifiable. For the scraps that are thrown to us we are supposed to rid the house and barn of rats and mice. The fondness of these undesirable visitors for wool that Brother Sheep provides, and for cheese and other delicacies that Sister Cow provides is well known. We would like a clean comfortable place to sleep so that we would not have to crawl in any place we happen to find, no matter how cramped and uncomfortable we may be. We would be far more competent if we were treated kindly."

"My duties bring me in intimate contact with all the members of the Cloverdale family," began Rover. "I always endeavor to treat you as I would like to be treated. I would understand the Master of Cloverdale just as clearly, and would obey him just as promptly if he would speak gently when he commands me to bring Friend Cow and her family home, and when he wants me to go for the Sheep family. I do not allow foxes, skunks or hawks to carry off chickens if I can help it. I warn the master of the approach of strangers, and never fail to attack one who appears to be an enemy. I feel that I do not deserve the kicks and beatings I receive; and I, too, ask for good food and clean sleeping quarters."

"The master of Cloverdale cannot fail to get our point of view, I am sure," Prince, the master of ceremonies, said. "We ask only for the things to which we are entitled. As for my own grievances: Just because horses are being superseded by all sorts of mechanical contrivances is no reason why those of us who are still working are not entitled to good food, the best of care, desirable living conditions, and kind treatment. When an automobile gets in difficulty with a load that is too heavy, the driver does not beat it, and pull and push it to make it go. They often have to get a horse to help. Anyway, if a machine is forced, it does not feel pain or suffer in any way. If a part is broken, it can be replaced. But when a living thing is hurt, it suffers pain, and perhaps has to be killed in the end."

"The pig family is not represented," Prince went on, "but I am sure we all are willing to bespeak for them clean food, and clean living quarters."

"Summed up, I may say that all the four-footed members of the Cloverdale Farm Family are willing and eager to render any service that lies in their power that will promote the interests of Cloverdale Farm and its master. Good care, proper food and shelter will increase our efficiency. And this will redound to the advantage of Cloverdale Farm, the master, and all his subjects."

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.



In Memory of a Horse

RALPH E. WILLIAMS

HIDDEN away in a field behind some tumbled-down barns in the little village of Crown Point, N. Y., stands a simple granite column, unadorned and unmarked except on one side, where there is chiseled a short, terse account of one in whose memory it was erected.

Beneath it lie, long ago crumbled to dust, the remains of a faithful servitor of Brig. Gen. John Hammond who served throughout the Civil War in Company H, 5th N. Y. Cavalry, and whose name went on the roll of honor for meritorious service.

The monument is in honor of "Pink," his horse, whom he loved and who, the battles over, was given a home on the estate from which his master enlisted and where he ran at will until such time when thirty years had passed over his head and old age had rendered him unable to eat. The gentle services of the family physician were called on and Pink was humanely sent to his grave.

The inscription reads as follows:

PINK

Died Sunday, May 25, 1886, age 30 years. This horse carried his master 25 years and was never known to show fatigue while other horses in cavalry and flying artillery were dying from want of food and exhaustion. He was present in 88 skirmishes and 34 battles, notably Winchester, Orange Court House, Second Bull Run, Hanover, Pa., Gettysburg, Hanover, Va., Brandy Plains, Buckland Mills, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, North Annee, Ashland, White Oak Swamp, Reams Station.

Each Memorial Day when the graves of heroes of the village are being remembered, there are a few who remember this dumb "hero" so that his grave is not always bare and desolate.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

Creatures of Common Speech

ELEAZER DAVIES

THERE are several creatures who exist only in our common speech. Nowhere else in the wide world can they be found. By using the wrong adjective in describing them, we make them to be something different from what they are in real life.

Who has not heard this phrase, "As blind as a bat"? A blind bat exists nowhere else but in language. Let a bat be put in the darkest place possible, and it will flit about with the greatest ease. It is a known fact, that a bat can see and catch the tiniest insects at night—insects which the human eye would never be able to detect.

The weasel of our common speech has the reputation of being sharp and ever-awake. "You will never catch a weasel asleep." But you can in the day time, but never at night. The weasel is a lazy little creature all day, lying in a state of partial stupor. Only at night is he really wide awake and alert.

The duck is generally thought to be lacking intelligence. "What a duck you are," is an expression used, when a friend is stupid and fails to grasp the situation. Poultry keepers say, "Ducks are very intelligent, they never fight, and are very kind." A farmer says that he had an old hen which went blind. It was afraid to go with other hens in case it should be pecked. It stayed in a corner by itself and would have died but for the kindness of a duck. Twice a day, for three weeks while the hen lived, the duck would fill its beak with twenty or thirty grains of barley, carry them to where the hen roosted and lay them down in front of her, remaining while she ate them.

Mistakes are made concerning other animals. We call pigs lazy, greedy and stupid. Yet, regarding the laziness, pigs are trained in some countries to do heavy work. Pig breeders say that these animals have an extraordinary amount of intelligence. Because they look greedy and gobble their food, we think them greedy. But many animals not one-tenth their size consume much more food.

"As surly as a bear." Why the bear should have been dubbed surly is hard to say. Explorers, who have had ample opportunities of studying them in their natural haunts, tell us that bears, with the exception of the white bear of the North, are really good-tempered and docile beasts. They are playful and friendly, and can be tamed very quickly, if treated kindly.

It may not be a mistake to say that the lion is brave, but he is no more entitled to the adjective than some other animals—rams, foxes and wild pigs, to mention but three. Rams are braveness itself during the breeding season, and it is dangerous to go near them. The wild pig knows no fear; it will attack a man without hesitation, and will not leave a drinking pool because a tiger happens to be there.

Though a cat is a familiar object in our homes, in our speech she is considered a weakling. "As weak as a cat," yet the cat has wonderful power of endurance and will go for days without food or drink. In a neighborhood free from traps and poison and mischievous boys she lives to a good old age, something equal to a fox—fifteen years. If the size and longevity of a cat is compared with that of a rhinoceros, against whose tough hide a bullet will flatten, it will be seen that a cat is not so weak. The difference in brawn is great but in longevity very small, for a rhinoceros dies from natural causes at the age of twenty-two and a cat seven years earlier.

Cruelty

MARGARET E. BRUNER

*SHE crouched outside my door at break of dawn,
A half-starved cat so very gaunt and thin;
Her eyes were piteous and her strength was gone—
A snow-storm raged, and so I took her in.*

*I fed her—kept her till the storm had ceased,
Then turned her out, but she was loath to go;
I'm wondering now if pity and a feast
Were better friends than hunger and the snow.*

Cats versus Chickens

ESTHER HAAS in *Flower Grower*

I AM prompted to write of my own experiences with cats and chickens. It is a well-known fact that it is the nature of a cat to catch birds. Too many people think if a cat dares to kill a chicken it must be destroyed at once. It is unreasonable to expect a cat to be able to tell the difference between a bird and chicken, and cats do not understand why the mistress of the house can kill a fowl and they cannot.

We are poultry raisers; my folks have had White Leghorns ever since I can remember, and we have always had several cats on the place as well. Our cats never think of catching the little chickens in the spring, although they will satisfy nature's instinct once in a while by catching and eating a bird. I, too, try to prevent it, but I do not always see them in time. We take the little soft chickens when only a day or two old and show them to the cats. We tell them they must not bother them and gently pat the cats and scare them away. Of course we always watch the cats for a few days and if they act at all like they might catch the chickens, we scold, not beat or whip the cats, and they know they must let the chickens alone.

We had a little experience last year. We had white chickens and our next door neighbor had black ones. Our cats knew better than to catch our white chicks, but they did not know about the black kind. They went over to the neighbors and saw those little black fellows, and of course thought them to be birds. I don't think they caught any because the lady of the house saw them in time, but the cats were making an effort to. I heard about it and took the cats over, and showed them the black chicks, and then scolded them. They were frightened and ran home, but never again did they even try to catch the black chickens.

I think it is wrong for people to kill or badly injure cats because they catch chickens when they can so easily be trained with a very little trouble to let them alone. I sincerely hope this little article may save some good cat's life.



A Hornet's Nest

WILLIAM ALPHONSO MURRILL

A BIG queen hornet was buzzing about my window one day in May while I was writing, making such a racket that I reached for the fly swatter, but she flew through the window and escaped. I have often thought since what a calamity it would have been if I had succeeded in carrying out my threat, for she selected a cross-beam over my studio door for her nest and I spent many an interesting hour watching her at her work.

First, she made the stem; fastening it firmly to the beam, for it was to support the nest. Then she began on the hollow ball, which was to cover and protect the comb, with a hole at the bottom for an entrance. Wasps leave their comb uncovered, but usually place it under the eaves of a house or in some other place protected from rain.

The comb made by the bald-faced hornet is very much like that of the wasp and is suspended from the roof of the hollow ball by a short, strong stem. In the center of the comb are four cells, in each of which she lays an egg, and as the little grubs grow the cells are made longer, so that they project below the other cells. From these four cells come the first daughter hornets to help the queen mother with her increasing family.

On May 28, the nest was two inches long and the second wall-layer was half completed. These layers are thin, like paper, and gray in color. They are made, as are the cells of the comb, of wood pulp mixed with saliva and are waterproof. The hornet gathers bits of wood from posts and other exposed timbers, chews them a few seconds, and flies away to her nest, where she spreads the paste out in a thin sheet, working rapidly and with great skill.

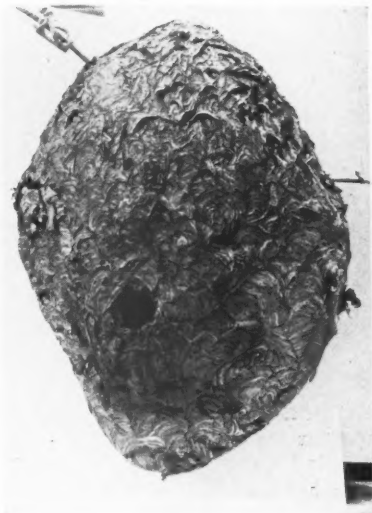
On June 1, the second envelope was entirely finished and glued at the bottom to the edge of the first one, with an elongated beak enclosing the entrance. Meanwhile, the hornet had been busy inside, building new cells, laying eggs, and feeding her young. In the second row of the comb there were ten small, short cells, each with an egg, making fourteen prospective daughters in all.

About five o'clock the next afternoon, a flicker or some other bird pecked a large hole in one side of the nest to get at the grubs in the comb. The mother hornet worked in frenzied haste for an hour trying to stop this hole before darkness came with its chill; but a greater tragedy was in store for her. While I was away for a short time, the bird returned and demolished the nest, completely, devouring all the young, and leaving only a few eggs that had been recently laid.

On examining the interior of the wrecked home more closely, I found four layers of paper in the wall, two reaching down just below the comb and two extending all the way, forming the hollow globe enclosing the comb. The remaining eggs hatched the next day into shining, white grubs, resembling little fat jars with round tops, and they filled the bottoms of the cells so completely that they could only wriggle their heads.

I knew the young grubs must be hungry, so I fastened the bits of comb to the beam again, hoping that their mother would come and feed them, and perhaps rebuild the home; but the calamity seemed too great for her to bear and she moved to some other place.

Later, the partly completed nest of a bald-faced hornet was given me by some children at an orphanage, who found it in a magnolia



COMPLETED HORNET'S NEST

tree near their home. It was two inches in diameter and contained a comb with four central cells, nine cells in the next row, and fifteen in the outer row.

The four oldest daughters were in the pupa stage, with their wings and legs already formed almost ready to come out. Indeed, two of them did come out three days later. The nine grubs in the next row filled their cells and were about fully grown, nearly ready to pupate; while the fifteen outer cells contained either eggs or young grubs. I noticed that the larger grubs wriggled about for exercise, but the pupae were quiet.

Now, what would have happened if these nests had not been destroyed? As soon as the young workers came out, they would have begun to help their mother in building and caring for the other babies. The sides of the nest would have been gradually torn away as the comb was enlarged and new wall-layers added in successive stages. Other layers of comb, also, would have been added below the first one, to make room for the large number of eggs to be laid by the queen when she had nothing else to do.

In feeding the young, the workers catch flies and other insects, bite off their wings and chew up their bodies a little before giving them to the grubs. As winter comes on, all the undeveloped young are left to starve and later all the workers and drones die, leaving only the queens to build new nests the following spring. At the approach of autumn, the queen lays eggs that produce drones and young queens, the latter being protected by the workers from the jealous wrath of the reigning queen until they can slip away one by one and hibernate in some safe, secluded spot.

An old hornet's nest, therefore, found hanging from a leafless branch in late autumn, is a deserted castle filled with evidences of a wonderful and busy life that lasted but for a season. Long before man even had any use for paper, the hornet showed him how it might be made. Yellow-jackets are near relatives of hornets that usually make their nests in the ground. Of the two, I much prefer the hornets; for they are excellent fly-catchers.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine new Bands of Mercy were reported in July. Of these seven were in Virginia and two in Syria.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 172,357

Thomas Carlyle said: "The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green."

Altruism

LUISE GRANDIN

MY windows look out upon a heterogeneous collection of back yards, separated by tall board fences. Here all kinds and conditions of cats manage in some way to eke out a living, though a pitifully scant one.

A few weeks ago my attention was attracted by a mother cat and one small kitten in a yard a couple of doors to the left. The kitten disappeared in a few days, and some time later I looked out of my window to see the face of the mother cat gazing wistfully up. I had a roast of pork in the oven, and evidently that was what had attracted her, so I cut off a piece and after it had cooled, tossed it down. She ate it hungrily and after that she came every day and I threw down a small piece of meat for her.

One morning, however, when I threw down the meat, she did not eat it, as usual, but taking it in her mouth, she climbed the high fence on the right and descended on the other side. In this way she continued until she had crossed four fences and disappeared. After several minutes I heard an appealing "meow" under the window. The cat had come back as hungry as ever, so I tossed her another scrap of meat, which she took in her mouth and carried away the same as before. Four times in succession she did this. The fifth piece of meat which I threw down she ate, however, devouring it as though she had been half famished.

The next day the program was repeated. My curiosity was aroused; I decided to investigate and discovered, four yards away, four puppies that had apparently been abandoned and left beside a garbage can. The cat's heart had been touched by their plight and she had carried meat to them which I had given her, never touching it herself until each of the puppies had been fed. Human beings had seemingly been willing to let them starve, but a cat had kept them alive.

The humane society has now taken care of the puppies, and the cat has been rewarded by receiving a good home.



A Dog in Business

GEORGE N. KRAMER

FOLKS in Denver know "Rob Roy" well. This is due, to a certain extent, to the fact that the big St. Bernard is in business and spends much of his time down town. Everywhere he goes, a crowd of admirers collect because Rob Roy has a personality that is magnetic, to say the least.

Born in Berne, Switzerland, three years ago, the dog has inherited his family trait of usefulness. Although the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies remind him of his home-land Alps and he enjoys the numerous rides with his masters to the mountain parks, there is no need for the services which have made his ancestors renowned the world over. But it is planned to let him be useful all the same—and Rob Roy is thrilled by the knowledge that he can be of service in this modern world. For instance, he attended the first automobile show of his life last spring and from appearances thoroughly enjoyed it. He mingled with the crowds and made innumerable friends who read the brief biographical sketch his masters proudly displayed over their automobile exhibit.

It was then he entered the modern business field as a salesman and advertising expert. On his shoulders he carries large brass-studded leather shields, bearing the name of his masters' business. But he does this only during business hours, the leisure hours being taken up by long rides and romping on the family lawn. Sandwich man? We should say not. Rob Roy has personality—and that's what counts in business these days.

Mrs. Krahl's Work in Chicago

A large illustration of a group of happy children with their pets at the Ray School, Chicago, recently appeared in the *Daily News* of that city. In the center was seated Mrs. Wm. F. Krahl, holding one of her rescued dogs. She is chairman of humane education of the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers and lectures in the schools on the proper treatment of animals. She is responsible for "the humane education service," which sends out about 1,000 pamphlets weekly for distribution among 35,000 school children.

A Boy and a Dog

Editorial in *Ladies' Home Journal*

A LITTLE boy lay at full length upon the floor, poking baby fingers between a bulldog's teeth. A full-grown man looked on in horror and amazement. "Surely you don't let that baby risk his fingers in a big dog's mouth!" he exclaimed.

The youngster's mother smiled indulgently. "Why not?" she asked.

"But the dog might bite him," said the visitor.

She watched the two on the floor a moment before she answered: "I'm not afraid of that. The baby's not afraid. You see, they're friends."

Immemorially a boy and a dog have been friends. The two belong together, in play or sleep, on country roads or city streets. For the boy, ownership of a dog gives early training in responsibility, in loyalty, in friendliness, in kindness. To a dog, the comradeship of a young master gives happiness and an outlet for that sense of protectiveness that is a part of dog nature.

One is always sorry for a boy who grows to manhood in fear of man's best friend. Whatever other advantages he may enjoy, it means that he was brought up wrong.

Senator Hawes on the Dog

The *New York Times* recently published a long eulogy of the dog by United States Senator Harry H. Hawes of Missouri. It added this comment: Senator Hawes is regarded by his fellow-legislators at Washington as one of the world's leading authorities on dogs. He receives thousands of letters and inquiries relative to their care and breeding.

Guardian of the Liberator

A. L. SHANDS

BUT recently a dog died in the city of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and notices of the event occupied columns in all the city's daily newspapers.

The dog was "Cenizo," which means ash-colored. He had never won a blue ribbon, never even been entered in a contest. His pedigree was as misty as his coloring. No one had ever recorded an act of his that was sensationally courageous. He had no master in whose fame he could shine by reflection. Cenizo was an independent sort of dog.

Early in life he realized his vocation and persisted in it. In the central plaza of the city, which bears the name of Venezuela's liberator, Simon Bolivar, Cenizo found a statue. It was Bolivar's and no doubt Cenizo knew it. For he set himself the task of guarding it.

He made his home at the base of the statue's pedestal. To retain his odd position he was forced, for a long time, to fight off both men and dogs. But finally he established himself there. And with establishment came fame and reputation and the benefits thereof. Wherever Cenizo wandered now—for occasionally he left his charge—he was welcome. Markets, butcher-shops, restaurants that he passed, all saw to it that he was fed. Someone even provided a mat for him beneath the hoofs of Bolivar's metal horse. And visitors seeing Caracas for the first time were shown Cenizo as well as the capital buildings.

He grew fat and famous but he never for long deserted his post. When Cenizo died it was as he had lived, in his accustomed place at the foot of the statue of the Liberator.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"Buddy," the Fire Company Mascot

CLARE GRAY



THE staff at the fire headquarters at Knoxville, Tennessee, has a thorough-bred Dalmation hound, called "Buddy," as their mascot.

At night, when the telephone rings, it is Buddy's bark that tells the firemen sleeping above that there is a fire, even before the gong sounds.

Buddy is a great fire fighter. He never misses one.

From the time he first hears the siren he is a-quiver with excitement. Climbing up on the engine, he rides on the seat with the driver. When he reaches the fire he plunges fearlessly into the thickest smoke.

Not long ago Buddy was sick and had to be taken to the veterinary hospital. He was much missed from the fire hall, as the firemen all love him and have great sport with him. He loves the firemen, too, but has the same instinctive dislike for policemen that some human beings have and barks ferociously whenever one comes around.

For twenty-nine years Chief Boyd had been the beloved head of the company. A few weeks ago he died. The firemen were sad and things were quiet around the department. Buddy seemed to sense that something was wrong and now and then would whine pathetically. Perilous as is the life of a mascot Buddy has never been hurt, yet several months ago he had a miraculous escape. In answering a fire alarm the car of the assistant chief and a fire truck collided. One fireman was killed instantly, another died two days later and five others of the company were seriously injured, but Buddy jumped down without having received a scratch.

A Little Dog

L. M. LINDLER

DID you ever have a little dog to help you with your play? To romp with you, and walk with you through a sunny summer day?

If you haven't—Well, I'll tell you—you've missed a lot of joy. I wouldn't trade my little dog for any girl or boy.

We've never had a quarrel—not the least tiny one, but always been the best of friends from dawn till set of sun, and after I'm in bed at night he comes in just to say "Good night" and he'll be ready for another long bright day.

Sometimes when I don't feel just right and do not care to play, he just sits down beside me, and not a word we say; but we understand each other better than most grown folks do—and his brown eyes say he's sorry, and he knows I'm feeling blue.

I think God loves us children so very much He knew that we'd need, beside our parents, a little dog—don't you?

Tragedy in Beetle-Town

BERTHA EVELYN WILSON

THERE was a tragedy in Beetle-Town last night. Fleetwing, son of the mayor, Had gone out strolling for the evening With Miss Sparkleskirt. A giant from the world of men came by, And not seeing the beauty of the little beetle life Trod carelessly upon him. There is sorrow in the lonely Beetle-Town today, For a tragedy has robbed it Of the one it loved. But the world moves on; And only the Beetle Folk Know the value of the little life That's gone.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE

The Dog with the Leather Boot

MRS. R. J. DUKELOW

AN automobile crushed "Laddie's" paw. Later it was amputated just below the first joint. From that time until his death, eight years later, Laddie wore a leather boot like the one he is wearing in the picture. He used to follow



his mistress around carrying the boot in his mouth every morning to remind her of one of her first duties and if by chance the boot came untied during the day, he invariably stopped his romping and carried it home to be replaced.

The Wife of the Postmaster General Prefers Happy Animals

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

THE wife of the Postmaster General believes that a woman's place is behind her husband. Certainly not before him, and possibly not beside him, if such a place means sharing the spotlight of publicity.

In this instance, the opinions that Mrs. Walter F. Brown expresses as to hobbies, pleasures, love of pets, are also the opinions of her distinguished husband, for the whole Capital knows of their close intimacy and companionship.

"Mr. Brown's story is my story," was the gentle, courteous reply of this charming daughter of Cincinnati, formerly Miss Katherine Hafer. She would much prefer to talk of Mr. Brown, and he in turn, preferred to talk of the great postal service rather than to chat merrily of cat-boats, cooking and other intimate matters.

"My interests are in Mr. Brown and his work. We have always worked together. That is, he does the big things of life and I trail along. He has so many big things to do. I pick up the threads of the little things he hasn't time to attend to. I merely supplement him."

Such is the conservative viewpoint of this charming, gray-eyed woman with light chestnut hair, one of the prominent cabinet hostesses of the nation.

But with all the influence of the Postmaster General and the close intimacy in the lives of husband and wife it is significant that they both find pleasure, recreation and very real enjoyment in such quiet delights as their pets and the furtherance of humane work.

In the Browns' country home outside of Toledo, Ohio, there remain numerous pets dear to the hearts of their owners. Among them are several fine dogs. These handsome creatures are happy in the wide lawns and expanse of the suburban retreat. There they stay.

Mrs. Brown has no desire to subject these pets to the confines of hotel and apartment in the Capital city. In this, Postmaster General Brown agrees with her perfectly.

"We would never bring our dogs to a city where they lacked sufficient room for proper exercise," she said. "I do not believe in keeping large dogs in a city apartment or house. It would be a pity to take our dogs from the country where they can have such good times chasing each other around and swimming in the lake."

It is a natural humane viewpoint and one often overlooked by otherwise kind-hearted

people. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown are very fond of animals of all kinds and they do not like to see any of them in confinement.

"The more I see animals in their natural habitat the more I enjoy them," she remarked.

In Toledo the Postmaster General is known for his special interest in animals and in welfare work for them. For many years he served as President of the Toledo Humane Society and has contributed generously to the work that has been carried on. His father, the late James M. Brown, was one of the most prominent humane workers of an earlier generation and at one time president of the American Humane Association.

In the cozy little house that he has dubbed of "the mail order variety" the Postmaster General enjoys his unusual hobby of cooking. It is located on his summer ground. There are found not only his four-footed pets but also birds and fowls. Chickens are one of the delights of both the Browns. In fact, when President Hoover, formerly Secretary of Commerce under President Coolidge, wired for Mr. Brown to come to Washington as his assistant secretary of this business branch of the government, Mr. Brown delayed his departure from Toledo because, as he explained, he was just hatching a whole flock of tiny fluffy yellow chicks and he couldn't bear to leave them.

It may perhaps be within the realm of the psychologist to decide, but the pre-eminence of nature lovers in the present cabinet is not to be overlooked in a listing of their abilities and their success.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Elegy

OLGA OWENS

FLAT upon the wide gray road a tiny squirrel lies;
Listless little pool of fur, Death has glazed your eyes.
Roaring down the broad highway a blood-red roadster flies—
"For getting there," shouts Mr. Brown, "I ALWAYS take the prize."

California's New Memorial Park

HOWARD J. WOOD

LOS ANGELES lovers of our dumb friends have given to California its first pet memorial park, which has recently been established out in the picturesque foothills of San Fernando valley. The park, reminiscent of a long-established foreign custom, is situated in a landscaped area near Calabasas where approximately ten acres have been set aside as a final resting-place for pet animals. Native California trees and shrubs have been planted to beautify the park and perpetual care is provided for every grave.

Already several hundred pets of many kinds have been interred in the park. Among the well-kept graves can be found that of "Kabar," the late Rudolph Valentino's favorite dog. Gloria Swanson's favorite cocker spaniel, which died recently, also has its last resting-place on the gentle slopes of the park.

Special sites facing the front of the park have been set aside for mausoleums. Another section is set apart for polo ponies and horses.

The park has been approved by Dr. Oliver Clarke, president of the Los Angeles Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "We heartily indorse the endeavor and it fills a long-felt want in Southern California," he said recently.

Every pet owner in Los Angeles has voiced his praise of the venture, which is said to be the most comprehensive of its kind in this country.

That lovers of dumb animals in this country are more and more looking toward better things for their friends is repeatedly being shown. Only recently the University of Pennsylvania announced the opening of its surgical hospital for cows, the first of its kind in the world. The university officials are pioneering in a plan to save the lives of animals that otherwise would be needlessly sacrificed.

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For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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